

The Tragedie of Hamlet

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie; nor *Plantus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wor; and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladiship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fauknors, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionat speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian Beast,

Prince of De

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyr* whose fable armes, Blacke as his purpose did the When he lay couched in th'on Hath now this dread and black With Heraldry more dismall h Now is he totall Gules, horri With blood of fathers, mothe Bak'd and embasted with the Than lend a tirrancus and a d To their Lords murther, rostece And thus ore-cised with coag VVith eyes like Carbunkles Old granfire *Priam* seekes; so

Pol. Foregod my Lord w

Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greekes

Rebellious to his arme, lies w

Repugnant to command; vne

Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, n rap

But with the whiffe and wind

Th'vnnerved father falls:

Seeming to feele this blow, w

Stoope to his base; and with

Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* care, fo

Which was declining on the r

Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th

So as a painted tyrant *Pyr*

Like a newtrall to his will an

Did nothing:

But as we often see against so

A silence in the heauens, the r

The bould winds speechlesse,

As hush as death, anon the dr

Doth rend the region, so after

A rowsed vengeance sets him

And neuer did the Cyclops ha

On *Marses* Armor forg'd for

VVith lesse remorse then *Pir*

Now falls on *Priam*.